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TISSUE-PAPER FAD

Numerous Styles and Varieties of Lamp Shades Being Made.

Other Articles Manufactured from th Creped Material-Fancy and Tableau Paper Dresses Considered.

The drawing room which has not a lamp material for paper dolls is not the kind that is in demand. The makers have not only found that the paper must be creped, but in such a variety of colors and times for years when there would come a fashion for making flowers of tissue paper. Young women and some that are not so young have taken to making paper flowers, and from making these the desire

With the numerous styles that are constantly coming out, the origin of which is be classed. The woman who is very practical hesitates when she puts a paper shade nearest the object which will be its destruction. Not only does the modern drawing room have banquet and extension lamps with paper shades, but it has lots of them. One near the door, another near the plane, perhaps a third in a corner, a table holds another, and still others have other positions. It seldom happens that the shades for these lamps are selected with a view of having them harmonize with the room decorations, and perhaps the reason of this is that the rooms themselves are too seldom not unusual to see one of white, another of yellow, another pink, a companion to that red, and, not far away, a green or a like a ballet dancers' skirts-very full, quite | with no sense of insecurity or misgiving. short and exceedingly light. They are also | One breezy reformer from Nebraska sturtrimmed like the ballet costume, a garland about the corsage and some few flowers trailing over the skirt. It would scarcely seem possible that the material to make a also often takes longer to make a lamp shade which shall have all the stylish touches than it would to make the material into a costume for a child. The usual price for one of the paper lamp shades is \$3.50. There are some that come less and a few that are more, but \$3.50 seems to be what they are worth. Indeed, the shades have become so popular that a large number of women are receiving a nice income for making them and placing them on sale n the stores and at the Industrial Union. It is a dainty work for a woman to do. The iresses for the lamps are fashioned in such a variety of ways that the person making them has to be careful not to make too many of the same kind, any more than a modiste would make too many gowns alike. THE MATERIALS USED.

First and foremost, the maker has to have the paper. Wire frames have been brought out by the dealer in wire, so great has been the demand. These are round, square and octagonal, and frequently the square ones are bent, so that it leaves sharp points. Asbestos cloth is one of the most necessary articles, as this is put nearest the opening where the lamp chimney will protrude and will keep the affair from burning or scorching. Then the customary dressmakers' articles may be brought out. Thimble, needles, scissors, and then there must be some fine paste. The fingers are the chief instruments, and on their deftness and the skill of the maker does the success depend. Wire for the flowers is another important factor in the process.

The styles in gowns for lamps change every few weeks. This is due to the new ideas which the thousand different makers are bringing out. The gown may be simply a skirt, or it may be fluted and frilled. All required to flute it is to run the fingers along the edge to whatever depth required This has the opposite effect on wash goods, for it takes the fluting out. The gowns may be scalloped and fluted, with great Elizabethan ruffs adorning the neck. One is not quite sure that the whole dress of the lamp is not a copy of the Elizabethan period. The flowers which trail over these dresses are roses, morning glories, chrysanthemums

A young woman who has a fancy for violets thought she would make a lamp shade of violets. She went to the milliner's and bought thirty-nine dozen of the purple plossoms, and when she had used those she found she had not nearly enough, so she went to the shop again, and this time she took home twenty-four dozen. She trudged nome with her big bag of violets, but if it had been a big bag of greens, lettuce or onions she would have had them delivered. t makes a great deal of difference what is in a bag. The violet lamp shade is done and it is beautiful, but she would never have made it of milliner's cloth violets if she had thought it was going to take so

A pretty North Delaware-street woman went home the other day with just the kind of a lamp shade that she had wanted one had not exactly made up her mind as to what kind of a one it was f she ever saw what she wanted, one that just suited, that should take the place of in Easter bonnet luxury, and she would et the real Easter bonnet go. She was perfectly delighted with her purchase and he huge box she did not find awkward to carry on that account. She could scarcely It seemed ages till 6 o'clock, but the hour finally came. He admired it with her and after supper she wanted to light it and see how pretty it looked. Alas, the match burned and so did the shade. As quick as a flash the whole thing was ruined. She had never had a paper shade before and now she says she never will have another. go up in flames. This little woman was evidently nervous and excited over her purchase and she will not venture with anything so flimsy again.

OTHER ARTICLES MADE. There has been an exhibit of articles made of tissue paper at one of the stores during the past week. The lamp shades have been ers, draperies for tables, chairs, dressers, mantels and stands. Candle shades and shades for the gas globes have rivaled the lamp shades. These have been fashioned to and windows, paper has its advantages. It it may be burned. Its soft qualities. It admits of all kinds of turnings and has an advantage over silk, for bed or dresser it has all of the grace of silk and the soft effect which can be given. The jardiniere covered with paper and filled with tissue paper flowers can be made to look like the real article, if cleverly managed. Teaching how to make paper into different things has also become a remunerative source of employment.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS. It has been suggested that the young woman who wants many changes in her ball gowns shall make some of them of crepe paper. With the full double skirts, which are the style, and the full ruffles for the shoulders and sleeves, it looks as if it would be quite an easy matter for foundation gown made, she could put on the tissue decorations to suit herself. One evening she could appear in red, then she of blue or green. A skirt of one color and

When there are so many entertainments where tableaux are the attraction, why would it not be a good idea to have the participants dressed in crepe paper gowns. The effect would be fine and the participants would have the credit of being elegantly dressed. It would not make any themselves for new uses of tissue paper and, as the craze has only begun, the public, which makes up the party of lookers-which, perhaps, one of her more brilliant lovers might have done.

next few months than it has ever dreamed of before. With curtains, draperies, all sorts of covers in the house, dresses for the women and what not, one may look for mething startling.

AS TO OPINIONS. People Fond of Talking, Whether They Have Knowledge or Not. Agnes Ripplier, in Atlantic Monthly.

The pleasure of imparting opinions in print is by no means confined to professionals, to people who are assumed to know something about a subject because most lively and spirited discussions are those to which the general public lends a to arouse the argumentative zeal of the average reader, who rushes to the fray with ing to the peaceful looker-on. The disputed pronunciation or spelling of a word, if ventilated with spirit in a literary journal, will call forth dozens of letters, all written in the most serious and urgent manner, and igorous views and limitless leisure. If a etter here or there-a u, perhaps, or an ion their coats of mail, unfurl their coun-

try's flags, and wrangle merrily and oft to sounds of martial music. If, on the other hand, the subject of contention be a ple, that the work of women in art, science and literature is inferior to the work of pare to deny the undeniable, and lead a forforn hope to failure. The impassive reader unknown, the tissue paper lamp shade must | ready knows; and behold! a week has not passed over his head before a dozen angr protestations are hurled into print. These meet with sarcastic rejoinders. The edito secure copy on such easy terms, adroitly people who are the only converts to their

> genius to disputes," preached mellifluously of the joys of toleration and of the discom forts of inordinate zeal. Not very long ago, I was asked by times already, and, apparently, without the smallest hesitation. Correspondents had maintained that Mrs. Hodgson Burnet wrote much better stories than did Jane Austen: while another intrepid person-a Virginian-pronounced the Vicar of Wake-"dull and namby-pamby," declaring that "one-half the reading world would agree with him if they dared." Perhaps they would-who knows?-but it is the privilege of that half of the reading world to be silent on the subject. Simple preference is a good and sufficient motive in determining one's own choice of books, but it does not warrant a reader in conferring his impression upon the world. Even the involuntary humor of such disclosures cannot win them forgiveness; for the tendency to permit the individual spiria to run amuck through criticism is resulting in a lower standard of correctness. The true value of souls," says Mr. Pater, "is in proportion to what they can admire;" and the popular notion that everything is a matter of opinion, and that one opinion is pretty nearly as good as another, is immeasurably hurtful to that higher law by which we seek to rise steadily to an appreciation of whatever is best in the world. Nor can we acquit our modern critics of fostering this self-assertive ignorance, when they so lightly ignore those indestructible standards by which alone we are able to measure the difference between big and little things. It seems a clever and a daring feat to set up models of our own; but it is, in reality, much easier than toiling after the old unapproach able models of our forefathers. The originality which dispenses so blithely with the

TINTING NATURAL FLOWERS. How Bright Hues Can Be Imparted to White Blossoms.

past is powerless to give us a correct esti-

mate of anything that we enjoy in the

The Revue Horticole. The tinting of flowers naturally white has already been spoken of in these pages, and now we have a little more to tell our readers about the same subject. It seems only natural that so purely fanciful an art should originate among our French neighbors, whose ingenuity is so well known. An authority tells us a few of the secrets f the production of color in flowers and fruit, and we mention them here for the benefit of any who may wish to try such a curious experiment for themselves. It is said that to color flowers through the stalks it is necessary to put five grammes (1 nto a vessel which will hold about ter grammes, to bruise the tip of the cut stalk with a light tap with a hammer, and then to put the stalk into the vase for a greater or shorter time, according to the depth of coloring required. Two hours after this contact with the dye the tinting of the flower is accomplished. On taking the blossom from the vase it is advisable to cut off the bruised part of the stalk and soak the flower for an hour or two in a vase of clear

To tint white bulbous plants fill a vase with fifty grammes of clear water and fifty grammes of coloring matter, stir the mixture up well, then, after slicing the bulb with a penknife in one or two places and cutting off the tips of the roots, leave it steeping in the tincture until the flowers begin to color. Then replace it in the pot covering it with a little moist earth, and the flowers will finish coloring there. Fruits as well as flowers can be artificially colored and sometimes this is done for the purposes of adulteration, as, for instance, when When too pale, lemons are tinted up with citronine and "naphthol yellow," the green spots being imitated with "diamond green." Strawberries are colored by sprinkling them with "sulfo-fuchsine," Peaches receive a beautiful coloring from mixture of "rhodamine" and "citronine applied with a brush, using a zinc stenci plate pierced with holes. In melons a tub s introduced through which "atropeoline and "orange azo," with a little essence o varieties of apples and pears are contrived by using a little aniline dye. These devices may make bad fruit salable, but are not examples to be copied, unless for the sake of making a curious experiment.

Premature Surgical Operation.

"Somebody in authority," said a woman one day last week, "will have to interfere with this growing notion that an operation for the removal of the vermiform appendix is desirable in all cases. I was much young man of twenty-two, had joined with three of his friends in an agreement to unlergo the operation. The other three young fellows actually did submit to it, although not one had ever had any symptom of appendicitis, nor had any member of his family ever so suffered. "Of course, when my boy's turn came he had to let us know, and his father and I interfered to some purpose. All the young

men got through safely, though it was serious for each, and in one case proved a Physicians recognize what is known as

the "appendicitis habit," that is, some persons have slight attacks after eating, the effect soon passing away, however. Such persons are liable constantly to the danger that these slight attacks will take on more serious form, making the surgeon's knife a necessity, and it is probably safer that these persons should submit to an operation for the removal of the cause of the trouble while free from inflammation and pain. It will be wise for persons not so disposed to weigh the matter well under most conservative opinion before acting.

When to Say No. Blackburn (England) Times.

She should refuse him when she knows hi habits to be intemperate, for there can be no unhappier fate than marriage with a frunkard. She should refuse him when there is any hereditary disease in the famly, such as consumption or insanity, which would in all probability show itself and cause infinite misery in after years. She the habit of associating with bad companions, who may lead him into a gambling drinking and card-playing life. She should refuse him when she knows him to be that despicable thing-a male flirt; she should reflect that as he has treated other girls so he may treat herself, and no woman bad. When the average girl can ruin a ball | cares to lay herself open to such treatment. She should refuse him when she feels she has no love to give him, and not marry, as many girls do, for a home; no marriage can be truly happy without love to sweeten the bonds. She should refuse him when he is proposing to her for her money or from pique. A girl can generally distinguish real ove from feigned, and even if she cares for him should not accept him until condifference to the audience of what the ma- vinced his motives are disinterested. She of \$1,000 worth of diamonds; but they didn't terial might be as long as the tableau was should not refuse him when she really get my cash. pretty. All sorts of ideas will suggest cares for him and knows him to be a

TRUE SHORT STORIES

stein Received from His House.

Exceptions Taken to Sundry Small Items-The Annual Batch of Vernal Snake Stories.

That the hard times are pressing on all lines of trade with equal weight, compelling business houses as well as railroads to reduce expenses wherever possible, is shown by the following letter from Moses Guggenhelmer, of New York, to his traveling salesman, Mr. Gus Einstein, in care of George Dickson, of the Grand Opera House:

"To Mr. Einstein, Indianapolis, Ind.: "Dear Sir-We hav received your letter von de 18th mit exbense agount unt roudlist. Vat ve vant is orders. Ve hav blenty maps in New York von which to make up

agount \$2.50 for billiards. Blease don't buy you do mit de buggy? Ve also see in agount \$2.50 for viskey unt 35 cents for laundry You will blease reduce the viskey bill to size of laundry bill, but blease don't increase the laundry bill. De rest von your exbense agount is nix but schleebers. Vy is it you don't ride more in day times? "Ve send you to-day by frade two boxes zegars. One costed \$1.40, the other 90 cents. yu also sambles of a negtie vat costed us \$7 a gross. Sell dem for \$7.25 a dozen. If you can't get \$7.25 take \$2.25. De negtie is a novelty, as we hav dem in stock for two orders. My brudder Louis says you should stop in Hamilton, Ohio. His gousin, Max Blura, lifs dere. Luis says vat you should sell Blum is a goot bill. Dry on him dese \$7.25 negties. Sell him for cash, as he is Louis's gousin. Dell him ve vant orders. Also Louis says vat you can leave Columbus any schleebers: ve don't need schleebers. "Don't date any more bills ahead, as de days is longer in summer as in vinter.

Mr. Einstein, vid us eider you do pizness or you don't do notting at all. Vat ve vant is orders. Yours truly "MOSES GUGGENHEIMER & BRO.,

Louis says don't show Max Blum, his gou-

sin, any of de good sellers. Unt remember,

"Keep down exbenses." "Speaking of snakes, did you ever see one swallow a live fish?" The speaker was one of a party of gentlemen who had just finished a bottle of wine. As none of them had ever seen the performance referred to, he proceeded to describe it in graphic style. When he got through, Judge S. said: "When I lived in Texas we used to depend mainly on snakes for our eggs." "What," said an elderly gentleman, who was a little hard of hearing, "did you eat snakes"

"Not by a jugful," said the Judge, "but we found hens' eggs in the snakes. You see, snakes are very fond of eggs, and down there they make a business of hunting for eggs. They would go from one nest to another swallowing egg after egg until they could hold no more, and when they were too full to move they were easily captured. As they swallowed the eggs whole, it would be a good while before the contents would be hurt, and if the snake was killed before the shell was digested the eggs would be all right. I once took 193 fresh hens' eggs from one snake. As I knew the snake had stolen the eggs I had no compunction about

stealing from him. "Did you eat them all?" asked the elderly "Oh, no," was the reply. "I only ate two or three dozen and traded the rest off for "Were the eggs in a pile when you cut the snake open?" asked the elderly gentleman, as if in search of truth. "No." replied the Judge, "they were lying

"But," suggested the elderly gentleman, "193 eggs lying in a row lengthways would make a pretty long line. replied the Judge, "this was

in a row lengthways in the snake's stom-

This reminded a little bald-headed man of a snake story. "Well, gentlemen," he said, 'you can believe it or not, but I have seen a snake swallow a live goat." "I guess you mean a rabbit, Philip," said the Judge. "No, sir, I mean a goat," was the reply. Then he went on to describe the operation; how the snake first charmed the goat, then shot a stream of slime, covering it all over, then got it in its mouth, and finally swallowed it alive and kicking, hoofs, horns and all. He said he could prove it if his

brother was alive. Up to this time an auburn-haired gentleman, with long, flowing, golden-hued whiskers, had listened in silence. Laying down his cigar, he said: "Well, gentlemen, I have seen snakes, too, in my time, and I'll tell you a true story of what I saw one do When I was in Arkansas in the lumber business I used to spend a good deal of time hunting. One day I had tracked a deer to the bank of the Mississippi river. and was so close on his trail that when got near the bank I saw him jump into the water and strike out for the opposite shore. To my surprise a huge snake jumped in after him and commenced a hot pursuit. The snake was not more than fifteen yards behind the deer, and although the latter kinds of drift were floating down-rails, hencoops, outhouses, etc. About the middle of the stream was a good-sized patch of drift, with a two-story frame house on it The house was empty, but the kitchen fire was not out, and smoke was coming out of the chimney. The deer made straight for this patch of drift, and, by good luck, succeeded in clambering on to it. As soon as he got a foothold he darted inside of the house, evidently thinking that a safe refuge from the snake. The snake was then not more than four or five yards from the drift, and going at full speed. Reaching the floating mass, he made several attempts to follow the deer, but could not get out of the water. Try his best, he could not get on top of the drift. Finally, he seemed to change his mind, and turned and swam some distance down stream, and then turned with his head up stream. The deer was standing in the front door of the house, and I could almost see the hair rise on his back as the snake caught his eye. The snake had opened its mouth, and was apparently lying still in the stream, while the clump of drift floated towards him. As it approached him I wondered what he was going to do. I thought he would make another effort to get at the deer, but instead of that he just opened his mouth about four times as wide as it was before, and before I knew what he was up to he had swallowed the whole layout-driftwood, dwelling house, deer and all." After this nobody spoke for a minute or two, when the Judge ventured to remark that it must have been a very small house. "Not so very small," said the auburn-haired man. "but the breed of snakes I am speaking of have very large mouths."

A good story is being told on a North Indianapolis girl. For the past six months the young woman in question has been frequently heard to remark on the unaccountable way handkerchiefs have of disappearing. The frequency with which she related mysterious disappearances of favorite pieces of cambric became a current joke. The other day, while chatting with a number of young girls, who had gathered in her room, she exhibited an especially pretty and expensive handkerchief as a recent acquisition to her belongings. After it had been duly admired she tucked the bit of lace into her wrapper belt, remarking that there was no telling how long she could keep it. A half an hour afterwards and the handkerchief was gone. The room was searched high and low, ruffles and furbelows were shaken, the girls even began to look suspiciously at one another. The mystery remained unexplained for several weeks, when the aforesaid wrapper was torn, and the lost handkerchief found snugly tucked between the dress and lining, where it had fallen. On investigation fifteen handkerchiefs were discovered in the novel but capacious pocket Last week the young woman gave a party to those who had witnessed the sudden disappearance of the last handkerchief, pre-

shape of a tiny lace handkerchief. Modern Protection.

senting each with a dainty souvenir in the

Philadelphia Record. Muggins-Burglars robbed me last night

Buggins-How was that?

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Col. Richard J. Ryan.

THE MARION COUNTY BAR IN 1857 Any sketch of Col. Dick Ryan, as he was called, must be inadequate. He had the wit, the oratory, the versatility, and, may I add, the conviviality which are so often found in the brighter spirits of the Irish race. As Matthew Arnold said of Gen. Sherman, Ryan seemed to emit a ray which illuminated and warmed any company of which he was a part, a characteristic which was very marked in Tom Corwin, and possessed, if possible, in a greater degree by Colonel Ingersoll. Only those who have come under the spell of this sort of influence can understand just what I mean by it. Ryan bore the unmistakable stamp of genius of a high order. He had the advantage of a good education also, which supplemented and gave grace and power to his natural gifts. He did not know how to make money, and he did not know how or care to keep it when he had it. And he was no less prodigal of his intellectual powers-these were always at the service of his party, his political friends, and, in the stress of war, of his country above all. His capacity for making friends was remarkable-men, women, children, the street gamins, and the very dogs in the street, even down to Charley Baymiller's cur "Fleas," were drawn to him by an irresistible attraction. I see him now as I write, with that clear Irish complexion, his sympathetic blue eyes, his large full-lipped mouth, eloquent and expressive, his fine frank brow crowned with a wealth of light brown hair, which was swept back in curls from his capacious forehead. He never wore a beard and his face and head were of classic mold. He was an active and influential politician, but worked upon the broad lines of principle rather than by the cunning, dark-lantern methods which are necessary to smaller men. Circumstances threw me much in his company in 1858, when the controversy between Douglas and Buchanan was dividing the Democrats. Ryan was from the first a stanch and active supporter of Douglas. He was much more of a politician than a lawyer, and was a conspicuous actor in all the contests which culminated at last in the nomination of two Democratic candidates for the presidency in 1860. The fight waxed hot in Indiana as early as 1858, after Buchanan had gone over to the slaveholders and had committed himself to the support of the Lecompton Constitution. There was an outbreak in the Democratic State convention which assembled in Indianapolis which almost led to scenes of violence. Governor Willard, one of the best presiding officers who ever held the gavel, was chairman and was the only man in the convention who seemed to preserve his temper throughout. For a time it was perfect bedlam. The Douglas forces were marshaled under the leadership of Henry Secrist, of Putnam: John G. Davis, of Vigo; Gen. Lew Wallace. of Montgomery, and Judge Holman, of Dearborn. General Dumont was not a delegate, but I sat by him in the gallery of the old Statehouse while the fight was on, and his sharp, penetrating voice was often heard above the din, cheering on the Douglas men and exhorting "Bill Holman" to "give 'em hell." The Buchanan crowd was less numerous than their opponents, but made a bitter and stubborn fight, being led by John Pettit, of Tippecanoe, and James Hughes, of Monroe, who then a member of Congress; these United States Senator from from his rooms in the Palmer House issued orders to his subordinates. The Douglas men were in the majority, and carried the day after a prolonged and bitter fight. At one stage of the debate the lie passed between Hughes and Davis, and a duel was anticipated, but duels then had got to be unfashionable, and the affair was soon forgotten. During the heated canvass of 1860 Ryan was in demand everywhere throughout the State, and enthusiastic crowds listened to his advocacy of Douglas and his preposterous "great principle of popular sovereignty," which was a cunning phrase to juggle with, but as a principle the most illogical and unworkable that was

ever invented by the art of man. But Colonel Dick could always make a good, taking speech on any topic. If the terms "magnetism" and "brainy" had not been pplied to so many charlatans and rascals, might use them to characterize my dead riend. He never failed in the presence of a crowd. There was such frankness in his face and speech, and such a sweet persuasiveness in his voice that when he spoke it was, as Ben Jonson said of Lord Bacon, "It was the fear of every one that heard him that he should make an end." After the war began and after Douglas, from the Bates House balcony, made his speech, in which he declared, in substance if not in words, that henceforth there were "only two parties, patriots and traitors," Colonel Ryan laid aside his party allegiance and threw himself with all his fervid eloquence on the side of the Union. Governor Morton colonel of the Thirty-fifth Indiana Regiment, but Colonel Dick proved a poor disciplinarian, and after a short time resigned his commission. Anything like routine or regularity was irksome to him. He could not assert authority over anybody, and he resented the idea that his shoulderstraps or his dangling sword, which was always tripping him up, had converted bluff,

commanding officer. Those who were in Indianapolis at the Buggins—How was that?
-eaa'h diamonds Ibhele son,bsnt Chars-l
Muggins—The diamonds were in the burglar-proof safe, and my money was in
wife's pocket.

quent and cheering words during the dark
days of 1862, when military and political
reverses threatened to wreck the cause of
the Union. It was then that Vallandigham time can never forget Colonel Ryan's elo-

came over from Ohio and poisoned the minds of many honest Democrats with the idea that the Union had perished and that there was need of a subdivision of the country into four confederacies. I had heard Vallandigham fourteen years before, when he was canvassing Ohio for Cass, and always admired him for his intellectual ability, but he never had a spark of genuine patriotism in his composition. I remember his glittering eyes, his shining teeth and his cynical sneer as he stood in the Statehouse yard one summer afternoon and denounced Lincoln and predicted the triumph of the rebel arms. And then came Gov. Charles A. Wyckliffe, of Kentucky, who also delivered a diatribe against the Linadministration. The night after Wyckliffe's speech the Union men got up an impromptu meeting in front of the Bates House and Colonel Ryan addressed them from the parlor balcony. Wyckliffe were in their room directly over parlor. Ryan was at his best He had heard Wyckin the afternoon and was full of patriotic rage and fervor. He quoted some remark from Wyckliffe's speech, when the Governor popped his head out of the window above and shouted: "Governor Wyckliffe said no such thing." Colonel Dick looked up and said: "It ill becomes Governor Wyckliffe, whose farm is now guarded by Union troops, and who has three sons in the confederate army, to come to Indianapolis, where so many widows and orphans of Union soldiers are in the streets, and lecture us on our duties as citizens. If Kentuckians persist in coming here and cracking their slave-drivers' whips over our backs, they will find that there are plenty of lamp posts and ropes for their accommodation." This sounds very improper now, but let those who would criticise picture to themselves, if they can, the scenes of those trying days. When Ryan used these words there was a cry of "Hang him!" from the crowd, the inside shutters of Wyckliffe's room were shut with a bang, and a small party started up the outside steps of the hotel, intent on taking Wyckliffe from his room. They were met by Mr. Holton, the landlord, and others, and persuaded to give up all thoughts When the call was made for the hundred

days men, in 1864, Colonel Dick volunteered again, and was a high private in the mess of which I was corporal in Captain Draper's Company B, One-hundred-and-thirty-second I. V. I. On drill and at the parade ground Ryan gave the officers a great deal of trouble. In addition to the Irishman's general inaptitude for regular marching, Ryan had a habit of lagging, getting out of step and line, much to the annoyance of the drillmasters. A special order was made by the Colonel one day at Stevenson, Ala., that all men should appear in line at dress parade with the full regulation uniform. Ryan borrowed Ham Conner's sombrero, which was about the size of a small umbrella, and wore it in the front rank. Colonel Vance was furious. He summoned Captain Draper, and in the presence of the line officers censured him severely for his lack of discipline. After the parade, and before we were dismissed at company quarters, Captain Draper made a He had been disgraced in the presence of the regiment, and said that he now wished to place the blame where it belonged, and proceeded to reprimand Ryan, who stood like a schoolboy with a look of mock contrition on his face. After the reprimand he mounted a stump in front of the Captain's tent, made a profuse apology, and wound up by proposing three cheers for the Captain, which were given with a will. Lying in our dog-tent one day, Ryan "Fish, it's well enough to have one Dick Ryan in a regiment, but a regiment of Dick Ryans wouldn't be worth much. He was detailed to guard some forage on the railroad platform, and while he was pacing his beat a train came by going North with wounded men from Atlanta General Hovey was on the train. He rec ognized Ryan and said: "Get aboard, Dick and go up to Nashville with me." if I don't," said Ryan, and, tossing his gun upon a pile of oats, he got on the train and went away. He and Hovey and Gen. Rousseau, who was in command of the railroad defenses, were old friends, and they had a jolly time at Nashville for several days. When Ryan got ready to rejoin hts command he procured an order from Rousseau to the effect that private Richard Ryan, having been detailed for special duty at division headquarters, was now directed to return to his regiment at Stevenson and report for duty. Finally he was put in the provost marshal's office, where he served as clerk under Capt. Harry Craft. Dick's cross-examination of the crackers and snuff-dipping mountaineers who applied for passes was a source of "infinite merriment." When we came home and were mustered out in the Governor's Circle, it turned out that Dick had never been mustered in, having had a farewell engagebefore we "went to the front." He was elected city attorney after the close of the war, and died soon afterwards while in the very prime of life. He was in every way a jolly good fellow, and his death was regretted by thousands of friends through-W. P. FISHBACK.

Choice of a Business.

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